

Skelton Laureate agaynste a comely
 Coystrone that curyowly chaunted And curysly
 cowntred/ And madly in hys Musys mokkyshly
 made/ Agaynste the .ix. Musys of polytyke Poems &
 Poetys matriculat.



o f all nacyns vnder the heuyn.
These frantike foolys I hate most of all.
For though they struble in the synnys leuyn.

In peuyshnes yet the snapper and fall.
which men the .viii. dedly syn call.
This peuysh proud thys prender gest.
when he is well yet can he not rest.

A swete suger lose a coltre bayardys bun.
A sumdeke lyke in forme a shap.
The one for a duke the other for dun.
A maunchet for mozell theron to snap.
Hys hart is to hy to haue any hap.
But for in his gam vt carp that he can.
Lo Jak wold be a Jentylinan

With hey trolly lolly to whip here Jak.
Aluinbek sodyldym syllopyin ben.
Curiously he can both counter a knak
Of Martyn swart a all hys mery men.
A ord how perkyn is proud of hys Poben.
But ask wher he fyndyth among hys monaco;dys.
An holy water clarke a ruler of lo;dys.

He can not fynd it in rule nor in space.
He solfpyth to haue hys Crybyll is to hy.
He braggeth of hys byrth that boyme was full bare
Hys musyke withoute mesure to sharp is hys my.
he trynnyth in hys tenor to counter py:deby.
hys dyscant is besy it is withoute a mene.
To fat is hys family hys wyf is to lene.

The lumbryth on a lewde lewte rote bully Jope..
Rumbyll downe tumbyll downe hey go now now.
He fumblyth in hys fyngecring an vgly good noyse.
It semyth the sobbyng of an old sow.
He wold be made moche of & he wyll how.
wele sped In spyndels and turnyng of taucclys.
A bungler a brawler a pyker of quarellys.

Comely he clappyth a payre of clauycordys..
he whystelyth so swetely he makyth me to swete.
his descant is dasthed full of dyscordes
A red angry man but easy to intrete.
An vscher of the hall fayn wold I get.
To poynte this proude page a place and a come
For Jak wold be a Jentylman that late was a grome

Jak wold Jet and yet Jyll sayd nay.
he counteth in his countenaunce to checke with y best.
A malaperte medler that pryeth for his pray
In a dyshe dare he rush at the rypest.
Dremyng in dunpys to wyangyll & to wrest.
he fyndeth a propo:cyon in his prycke songe.
To drynk at a draught a larg & a long

Nay iape not with hym he is no small fole
It is a solempne syre and a solayne.
For lordes and ladyes lerne at his scole
he techyth them so wysely to self and to fayne.
That neyther they synge wel prycke songe nor playne
Thys docter deuyas commensyd in a cart.
A master a mynstrell a fydlcr a farte

Whatt' ough ye can co winter Custodi nos.
As well it becomyth row a parysh towne Clarke.
Cosyng Sulpitan dedit Egros.
yet here ye not to bold to braule re to bark.
At me / that medeled nothyng with youre track.
Correct fyrst thy self / walk & be nought.
Deme what thou lyst thou knowyst not my thought.

A prouerbe of old say well oꝝ be styll.
ye are to vnhappy occasyons to frynde.
Uppon me to clater oꝝ els to say yll.
Now haue I shewyd you part of your proud mynde
Take thys in worth the best is be, ynde.
wryten at Croydon by Croyland in the Clay.
On Candelinas euen the Kalendas of May. .
Finis. .

Contra aliū Cātitatē & Organisante
Asinum / qui impugnabat Skeltonida
pterium. Sarcasmos. .

Preponenda meis non sunt tua plectra canticis.
Nec quantum nostra fistula clara tua est.
Sepe licet liricos modularis arundina psalmos.
Et tremulos calamis concinis ipse modos.
Quamuis mille tuus digitus dat carmine plausus.
Nam tua q̄ tua vox est in age docta manus.
Quamuis cuncta facis tumida sub mente superbz.
Gratioꝝ est Phebo fistula nostra tamen.
Ergo tuum studeas Animo deponere fastum.
Et violare sacrum Desine / Stulte / virum.
Qd Skelton laureat.

C Skelton Laureat bypon a deedmans hed
y was sent to hym from an honorable Jetyll
woman for a token Deuysyd this gostly inc-
dytacyon in Englysh Couenable in sentence
Comedable / Lamettable / Lacrymable / Pro-
fyttable for the soule.

O your vgly tokyn.
My mynd hath brokyn.
From worldly lust.
For I haue dyscuss.
We ar but dust.
And dy we must.
It is gencrall.
To be mortall.
I haue well espyde.
No man may hym hyde.
From deth holowred.
With synne ws wyderyd.
With bonys shyderyd.
With hys woyme etyn inaw.
And hys gastly Jaw.
Gaspynge asyde.
Nakyd of hyde.
Neither flesh nor fell.
Then by my counsell.
Loke that ye spell.
Well thys gos pell.
For wher so we dwell.
Deth wyll vs quell.
And with vs mell.
For all oure pampde pauchys.

That may no fraunchys.
Nor worldly blys.
Redeme vs from this.
Oure days be datyd.
To be chek matyd.
With diaboltyes of deth.
Stoppynge oure byeth.
Oure eyen synkyng.
Oure bodys stynkyng.
Oure cummys grynnynge.
Oure soulys byrnynge.
To whom then shall we sew.
For to haue rescw.
But to swete Jesu.
On vs then for to rew.
O goodly chyld.
Of Mary mylde.
Then be oure schylde.
That we be not exyld.
To the dyne dale.
of boteles baie.
Nor to the lake.
of fendys blake.
But graunt vs graci
To se thy face.
And to purchase.
Thyne heuently place.
And thy valace.
Full of solace.
Aboue the sky.
That is so hy.

Eternally.
To beholde and se.
The Trypte.
Amen.

Myres bo9 y

O manhod wanton ye want.
In youre medelyng mastres is manerles.
Plente of yll of goodnes skant
ye rayll at yot redxles.
To prayse youre poxe it is neddes.
For all your drasse yet and poure dreggs.
As well bozne as ye full oft tyme beggs.

Why so koy and full of skorne.
Myne horse is sold I wene you say.
My new furryd gowne when it is worne.
But by youre purs ye shall non pay.
By Crede I trust to se the day.
As proud a pohen as ye spede.
Of me and othet ye may haue nede.

Though angelyk be youre simplyng.
yet is youre tong an adders tayle.
Full lyke a Scorpyon styngyng.
All those by whom ye haue auay'e.
Good mastres Anne there ye do shayle.
What prate ye prate pyggys ny.
I truste to quyte you o; I dy.

Youre key is mete fo; euery lok.
your key is comen & hangyth owte.
your key is redy we nede not knok.
No; stand long wrestyng there aboute.
Of youre doorgate ye haue no doute.
But one thyng is that ye be lewde.
Hold: youre tong now all be shreude.

To mastres Anne that farly swete.
That wonnes at the key in temyns strete.

Cum priuslegio

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